

AN  
ORATION  
ON THE  
INTEMPERANCE OF CITIES:  
INCLUDING REMARKS  
ON  
GAMBLING, IDLENESS, FASHION,  
AND  
SABBATH-BREAKING.

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*DELIVERED IN PHILADELPHIA,*

JANUARY 24TH, 1831.

BY DANIEL DRAKE, M. D.,

OF CINCINNATI.

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*Philadelphia, Jan. 26th, 1831.*

DEAR SIR,

The Committee on agency of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society, deem it a duty to offer you their most sincere acknowledgments, for your eloquent and argumentative discourse against the odious vice of intemperance; which they hope will have a strong tendency to further the glorious cause of temperance, in which some of the best heads and hearts in the United States are zealously and effectually engaged.

They request that you will be so kind as to furnish them with a copy for gratuitous publication.

Yours, very respectfully,

MATHEW CAREY.

M. M. CARLL.

THOMAS WATTSON.

L. P. GEBHARD.

JAMES GRAY.

DANIEL DRAKE, M. D.

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*Philadelphia, Jan. 27th, 1831.*

GENTLEMEN,

The discourse, of which you do me the honour to ask a copy for publication, was hastily prepared, in the midst of my collegiate duties, and not intended for



the press. Certain portions of it, moreover, bear a close resemblance to some parts of a published address on the same subject, which I delivered in Cincinnati, nearly three years ago. I am willing, however, to refrain from consulting my literary reputation, since you suppose the publication of this may do some good to the cause of which we are the common advocates; and herewith place the manuscript, with all its imperfections, at your disposal.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

DANIEL DRAKE.

TO MATHEW CAREY, Esq.  
and others.

## ORATION ON INTEMPERANCE.

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INTEMPERANCE is not a special vice of the present day, or of our own country. On the contrary, there is reason to believe, that it prevailed more in the last than the present century; and while no people on earth ever had a greater abundance of ardent spirits, or obtained them at a lower price, perhaps no nation, where they are a common beverage, ever abused them less. It must be admitted, however, that in America, as in Europe, ardent spirits are so often used to excess, as to justify the establishment of Temperance Societies. To infer from the existence of such associations that intemperance is peculiarly an American vice would be fallacious: they more properly indicate a great energy of moral principle in our nation, and prove that it is not besotted. That drunkenness at the present time is less than formerly is no argument against efforts for its suppression; as philanthropy should aim at the desirable, though unattainable, result, of its total extermination.

It was at one time feared, that efforts to this end, would be unproductive; but experience has already shown this apprehension to be groundless. It is now generally admitted, that the use of ardent spirits among the respectable classes of the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, has greatly diminished. The morning bitters, and the glass of grog before dinner, are no longer taken, except in taverns; which are truly, the citadels of this, as well as many other vices. But even there it begins to require a certain degree of hardihood, to be seen drinking; and of course many persons are deterred, who formerly indulged themselves; drinking at the dinner tables of our steam boats, has signally diminished;

which, when we consider the multitudes who travel in them, is a most encouraging symptom; from our private dinner tables, the potation of whiskey and water, when you are half done, is almost banished; our ships, occasionally, depart on long voyages, without a supply of ardent spirits; the quantity imported from foreign countries is lessening, and the distillation at home has greatly abated,—although our population is rapidly increasing. These are ascertained facts, and they should encourage the benevolent to persevere. They demonstrate the practicability of a great project, and warrant the expenditure upon it, of still stronger efforts than it has yet called forth.

In furtherance of this interesting object I have been honoured with a request by the committee on agency of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society, to deliver the discourse, which has assembled this respectable audience. In proceeding to the execution of the task, I shall not attempt to travel over the whole ground of inquiry, but limit myself to some of the causes, effects and remedies of intemperance, in large cities, especially, and among the higher classes of society.

But before I proceed further, permit me as the citizen of a distant state, and comparatively a stranger to those whom I have the honour to address, to say a few words of myself, in reference to the object on which I have been persuaded to adventure. I am no longer a young man, and do not, therefore, declaim against vices which I am not old enough to have witnessed. My life has not passed in the cloister or closet, and hence I do not speak of follies from report. I have mingled with mankind in many grades and varieties, both of town and country, have sympathies with them, and speak as a member of society, a citizen of the world. I am a public and private teacher of young men, and feel, I trust, an interest in their prosperity. I have brothers and other relatives, obnoxious to the follies which we are about to review. Above all, I am a father, and claim to be admitted into the anxious and responsible community of parents. Hence I shall express myself freely and fearlessly; intending nothing disrespectful to any one, but bent on convincing all, that I think and feel, in that spirit of downright earnestness, which the subject ought to inspire. However, that no *special* application of what I shall say, may be made to Philadelphia above other cities, I will remark, that from all I can see and hear, there is, perhaps, less in-



temperance within its limits, than in most other cities of the Union, in proportion to the population.

Before proceeding to speak of the causes of intemperance, I will say something of the appetite which leads to it.

Man is endowed, by the Creator, with certain desires, the regulated gratification of which is necessary to his existence, and to the successful execution of the functions, which he is required to perform in society. These desires are numerous; I shall, however mention but three of them—*Hunger, Thirst, and the Propensity for Stimulants.*

The first leads us to take the food necessary to the nourishment of our bodies; the second, the water, which is requisite to the healthy constitution of the blood; the third, such stimulants, either solid or fluid, as impart activity to our systems. *Mere* hunger seldom or never makes us gluttons; thirst never makes us drunkards: it is the desire for stimulation, that makes us both gluttons and drunkards. Bread and meat will satisfy the appetite for food, before we have taken them to excess; and water quenches thirst, without disturbing the economy of our minds or bodies. It is the innate love of excitement that constitutes the root of the evil, by tempting us into excesses in stimulation. To this distinct and original principle of our physical constitution, we should refer those abuses, which call for the associations which distinguish the present age, and have brought us together this evening.\*

\* The author has been informed, that several respectable friends who heard this oration, believe that the doctrines contained in these paragraphs are dangerous to the object which they were designed to promote. But they cannot be dangerous, if true. They are substantially the same as those published by the author three years ago, in a discourse, delivered in Cincinnati, which has been reviewed and quoted by individuals and societies, without comment or censure. The doctrine does not recognise a necessity for *intoxicating* drinks, but for stimulants. The great question is, whether such a necessity exists? A true answer may be had, by inquiring whether the desire for stimulants is universal? The reply must, the author thinks, be in the affirmative. The consciousness, and the experience, of every individual, unite to give him this conviction. Observation teaches us the same. For what end, or for what reason, do we add condiments to our daily food? Of this kind, are salt, pepper, cayenne, mustard, pickles, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, ketchup, and stimulating gravies and sauces; but few of which are nourishing, while they all possess an exciting quality, and are often taken in large quantities, by the most temperate persons in society; even by those who plead most eloquently in fa-

In the savage state, the means of gratifying this appetite, are few and feeble. In civilized life, they are diversified and abundant; and we find the desire for their use correspondingly energetic. Their action upon us increases the propensity for them, and too often raises it to a state of morbid and ruinous importu-

vour of total abstinence from every thing that can stimulate. What has made tea and coffee table beverages with all the civilized nations of the earth, but their exhilarating qualities? The universality of the custom, of taking either solid or fluid stimulants, with our food and water, demonstrates the existence of a desire for them. But such a desire would not have been implanted in us, if they had not been necessary. The appetite was bestowed as a means of inducing us to take them. Like our other desires of body and mind, it is, and ought to be indulged, so far as to satisfy the demands of our physical systems, but *no further*. We cannot reason men out of their appetites, their senses, or their consciousness. If there is not in them a desire for stimulants, it will not be created by the admissions or arguments of this and all other orations: if they feel such a desire, they will not feel it the less because they may be told that it is not in them. What advantage, to the great and good cause, can come, then, from denying the reality of that which all mankind feel, and therefore know, to exist? Would any moralist expect to suppress fraud and theft, by denying that the love of money is an inherent principle of our nature? Christianity may afford us a lesson on the subject. It recognises the love of money as a universal principle, but teaches us to oppose to its improper gratification, a sense of justice and the fear of future punishment. In the same manner, we should oppose to the propensity for injurious stimulation of every kind, the desire for a good name, the love of family, and the dreadful consequences, present and prospective, of intemperate indulgence.

Under a conviction of the truth of the opinions here advanced, the author, had the plan of his discourse admitted of practical details, would have enumerated a variety of substitutes for ardent spirits, and recommended them to all who might, otherwise, resort to the habitual use of that most pernicious of all stimulants. Of these drinks, he will now mention artificial mineral waters, impregnated with carbonic acid gas; table beer; porter and ale; cider and perry; the milder wines, and tea and coffee. Very few who stimulate themselves with any one of these beverages, will ever become drunkards. With respect to wines, the strongest of the whole, it is an undeniable fact that, the countries which use it, most copiously, are invariably the most temperate. Of the entire catalogue, the safest are tea and coffee, which, although fruitful causes of dyspepsia and nervous disorders, when drunk to excess, are, comparatively, harmless in reference to our moral and intellectual faculties.

The doctrine of the oration, is essentially and simply this—*total, absolute, and permanent abstinence from ARDENT SPIRITS*. Further than this, on a review of the whole case, the author believes it unnecessary and impracticable, for the friends of temperance to impose restrictions. But, if, on this point he is mistaken, the publication of his opinions can do no harm, as the vigilance and talent, which are so nobly enlisted in the cause of temperance, will not be long in exposing the error.—THE AUTHOR.



nity. This is conformable to an original law of our nature. In savage life, man has but few functions to perform, and but little stimulation is necessary. In civilized life, his duties, both physical and moral, are manifold and complicated. They require the exertion of all his intellectual faculties and passions, of his various bodily energies; and demand a sustained and diversified excitement, in all his organs. But this condition requires stimulation, of various kinds; and without more of it, than we find in savage life, the civilized state could neither be created nor sustained. The more highly cultivated and intellectual portion of civilized men, are, it is true, sufficiently stimulated by moral causes and incentives; but these, in every country, constitute a small part, only, of the population; and the majority depend, *mainly*, on stimulants which act upon the body; and *must* have them, or the tone of society would fail, and its complicated operations begin to languish. Now, the means of this adequate, moral, and physical, excitement, are created by the very civilization, which they contribute to develope and advance; in which no one can fail to perceive an example of that harmony and wisdom which are every where exhibited, when we attentively and philosophically survey the works of God.

But, if these views be correct, on what can the friends of sobriety sustain themselves, in their warfare against intemperance? I answer, on the same basis upon which the moralist rests his efforts, against the inordinate indulgence of any other propensity. The ground is not broad, but firm and enduring, as the laws of nature. As long as man stimulates himself moderately, and with such articles as do not impair his health, or pervert the faculties of his soul, he violates no moral or physical law, and suffers no present or prospective injury; but the moment he selects and indulges in such as do either, he is a transgressor, and must suffer the penalty of his violation. He does not raise in his system an excitement favourable to the duties and objects which lie before him, but an irritation utterly detrimental to their successful execution. Philosophy and ethics do not then proscribe stimulation, but occupy themselves in regulating the selection and use of stimulants. They recognise an innate desire and necessity for excitants; but distinguish between the salutary and the pernicious—prescribe the extent of indulgence in the former, and, labelling the latter as poisons, advertise the whole world to avoid

them as destructive. They say, '*If you eat thereof, you shall surely die!*' and is not this enough? *If you drink thereof, you will perish!* and what deeper warning could be given?

I am aware, that these views are not in harmony with those, which prohibit every kind and degree of stimulation. But the advocates of the latter system, are better moralists than physiologists. They do not understand that the love of stimulation is an original and necessary principle of our nature; and should, therefore, within proper bounds, be gratified. They who refrain from every kind of stimulants, if any such there be, would still more easily refrain from those, only, which are pernicious; while many persons might be induced to forbear from the latter only, who would not consent to relinquish the whole. But he who abjures the pernicious is out of danger, and *safety* is all that the friends of temperance can desire. Why then should they insist on more? By excessive requirements, they pass into severity, and diminish their influence by attempting to extend it too far. They become ascetics, rather than moralists: anchorites, instead of devotees, in a good and great cause. They make proselytes, it is true, or rather, they are applauded by those, who, from peculiarities of constitution, or great elevation of moral feeling, are indifferent to physical stimulation; but the mass of mankind are not with them, nor ever will be. Nature interposes, and her power cannot be relinquished. She calls for stimulation, but not for that which works out her own destruction. It is our errors, in selection and indulgence, that make her importunate and reckless. If we supply her, in moderation, with stimulants that do not vitiate her, she remains subordinate and harmless. It is our *improper* administrations, that rouse her into phrensy, and place her on the throne of our intellect, a drunken and desolating fury.

As moral beings, we should oppose the motives of the soul to the desires of the body; the spirit to the flesh; the pains which come from inordinate indulgence to the pleasures of the indulgence. As rational beings, we should observe what do us harm, and what do not; and proscribe the former, while we tolerate the latter; which, from being substitutes, become preventives. Here, then, is the spot, where reason and the moral sense should make their stand: the defile where the friends of temperance should marshal their forces; the pass of Thermopylæ, where they should meet the conflict, and struggle for the victory—the tri-



umph of the sentiments of the soul, over the propensities of the body!

Proposing on this occasion to limit myself to the discussion of principles, I shall not enumerate in detail the various fermented liquors, with tea and coffee, which might be safely and conveniently employed, to maintain the activity of our systems, and render the pernicious unnecessary. It will be sufficient, to announce and denounce, that which we should never taste, ARDENT SPIRITS. This it is, which should be proscribed and for ever banished. He who excludes this from his catalogue of stimulants, is in comparative safety,—he who drinks it, knows not the hour when his ruin commences. He may, it is true, escape its desolations; but he plays a deep and desperate game, on which he stakes his fortune, his character, and the happiness of all who glory in his name, or hang upon his skirts for support and protection. And what does he gain for these mighty and fearful risks? the vulgar and vanishing stimulation of a glass of grog!

The causes which give activity to the propensity for stimulants, are many and diversified. Some are moral, others physical. A part are universal; but the greater number are local and special; operating in particular places, or on certain groups in society. It is to these *causes*, that the friends of temperance should direct their attention. Prevention should be the object. Drunkenness is seldom cured; but has often been averted; and will continue to disappear, in the ratio in which its causes are laid open and rooted out.

HABITUAL DRINKING of ardent spirits, is the first occasional cause of intemperance which I shall present for your consideration. While I assert the necessity for stimulation, I will equally assert, that except in aged persons, who have confirmed habits of drinking, the use of ardent spirits is superfluous, and generally prejudicial, *even when taken in moderate quantities*. The ordinary stimulants, physical and moral, which act upon us in society are sufficient—especially for boys and young men, whose systems are more excitable than those of older persons.

It has been said, however, that the daily, but *moderate* use of ardent spirits, by young men, is at least safe; and may sometimes do good, by satisfying their curiosity, and generating the indifference which comes from familiarity. All this is false and fatal. Physicians well know, that the repetition of a stimulant



increases the desire for excitement, and calls for augmentation of the dose.

Moreover, the comparative absence of drunkenness, in the respectable society of Friends, where daily drinking was never tolerated, is conclusive against the theory. A few weeks since, there died, in Cincinnati, a member of the society, who, for several years, had been the only intemperate person born to such membership, although the society is numerous, and much diversified, as to the sources of emigration. This single fact is worth a volume of theories.

DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES promote intemperance. I am aware, and admit the fact with pleasure, that the laws which prescribe drinking at these parties, have much relaxed; and that no one is now, as in former times, *compelled* to drink. But drinking is expected, and to go beyond the limits of what is called a puritanical sobriety, is no discredit. It is undeniable, therefore, that they encourage intemperance, especially large evening parties of gentlemen only. I am far from presuming to propose their abolishment; but in literary communities more reliance might safely be placed on intellectual stimuli, and ardent spirits should be banished, for the sake of example, not less, than the dignity and temperance of the distinguished men who generally compose those colloquial parties.

GAMBLING must not be overlooked, in scanning the causes of intemperance. It is chiefly operative in towns and cities. Every gaming house is a centre of fluxion for the idle, and those who relish dissolute associations, not less than those, who find a morbid delight in the chances of the game. Could the number of those who frequent gaming houses, as actors and spectators, in a large city, be presented aggregately, it would make society shudder. They are all candidates for drunkenness, disgrace and premature death. Drinking is the inseparable habit of every gaming table; and drinking to excess, at such a spot is no discredit, but the reverse. It is the order of the day—the fashion of the time and place—the spirit of the age. The rule is, drink! the penalty of its violation, contempt and ridicule.

To the THEATRES of large cities, similar remarks are applicable. It is in vain to cite the *theory* of the drama. Every one must admit, in the abstract, that the theatre may be a school of virtue; but in what age or nation, was it not a still greater

school of vice! Boys and young men, who frequent the theatre, are in the midst of temptations, not only to drinking but other vices. Even many of the performances on the stage, encourage drinking. When drunkenness is represented, the character is not introduced to show forth its odiousness, but to fill up the plot, or amuse the audience with the wit of the author, addressed to the spectators, by one who performs the same part, with the clown in the circus. Thus the genius of the writer, is made to cast a mantle over the degraded character of the drunkard; and we are led to tolerate the latter from our admiration of the former.

But the theatre does much greater harm to the morals of youth, by the scenes of its lobby and saloons, than its stage. Late hours, dissolute companions, licentious conversation, and the temptations of the bar, combined at one spot, under cover of night, and beyond the pale of virtuous society, are causes of dreadful energy, to the action of which, parents and masters should look with a degree of vigilance, which I fear does not always exist. The theatre cannot be abolished; but the evils which it generates *might* be mitigated. The bar should be cast out, as foreign to the organization of the establishment; or ardent spirits utterly proscribed, as converting a nominal school of virtue, into one of insobriety, and wickedness. In addition to this, our sons, during their minority, should be limited in their visits, and allowed to see none, but select and unexceptionable plays. They should be attended by their fathers and mothers, or other friends, of age and sound morals; and go on the principle of benefit from the stage, instead of vulgar amusement in the external scenes at the theatre.

Idleness is a fruitful soil for habits of intemperance. Man is an indolent animal. By nature he loves repose. Exertion is a forced state, the offspring of necessity, or the instigation of some passion, more powerful than the love of ease. Children, although constitutionally active, in the pursuit of amusements, are averse to labour, and require stimulation and discipline, to form habits of industry. I have been amazed to observe, how little fathers and mothers are aware of these truths, or, if aware of them, how little they are governed by this conviction. On this point, admonition is more necessary to the rich, than the poor. Among the latter, children are often obliged to work for food and clothing; among the former, it is not uncommon, to see them grow up

in ease and idleness. Youth is the era of life, in which our habits are formed; and he who grows up in indolence and riches, may live and die, in idleness and poverty. When extravagance and dissipation shall have squandered his inheritance, even the stimulus of want, may not break his established habits. This subject is one of such deep interest, to all of us who are parents, that I cannot refrain from dwelling on it a moment longer.

INDUSTRY, promotes the health and bodily growth of children :

*Indolence*, impairs both.

INDUSTRY, renders their study easy and pleasing :

*Indolence*, makes them truants.

INDUSTRY, is a substitute for genius :

*Indolence*, renders genius ineffective.

INDUSTRY, preserves our inheritance :

*Indolence*, wastes it.

INDUSTRY, inspires society with confidence :

*Indolence*, repels its confidence.

INDUSTRY, provides for casualties :

*Indolence*, renders us helpless under them.

INDUSTRY, accumulates something for old age :

*Indolence*, loads it with cares and embarrassments.

INDUSTRY, provides for our children :

*Indolence*, fails to do this; limits their opportunities; blasts their prospects; and, when we die, leaves them dependent on a heartless world.

INDUSTRY, gives us the means of charitable and patriotic donation :

*Idleness*, prevents our co-operating in works of beneficence, and inflicts on us the character of sordidness.

INDUSTRY, contributes to a long life, while it condenses into a short one, the fruits of many years.

*Idleness*, abridges life, and renders the longest unproductive of happy results. Finally, INDUSTRY is money, is credit, is power, is *time* itself!

All great *men*, (not all great *geniuses*) have been industrious.

Linnaeus and Newton, who gave a stronger impulse to the natural history of the earth and heavens, than all their predecessors and all their followers, were men who never flagged. The



growth of the plants which he described, was scarcely more unceasing, than the labours of Linnæus; while the industry of Newton might almost be compared to the tireless movements of the planets, whose laws he developed with such matchless success.

By labour, not less than talents, our own Franklin, at first apprenticed to a trade, at length made himself the philosopher of two worlds; and conferred on this, the city of his adoption, not less than his native Massachusetts, a lustre that will endure for ages to come.

Lastly, Napoleon as far surpassed his contemporaries in application, as in the victories which prostrated rival thrones, and overwhelmed the world with astonishment and awe.

Had these mighty ones of the earth been men of idle habits, they would have shone like meteors, through a brief space, and then passed away for ever: Their deeds of intellect and action, would not have been felt; and the history of their lives would have filled but a single page, instead of countless volumes in every civilized tongue.

But our proper business at this time, is to consider idleness as a cause of intemperance. In no conceivable respect, can it be the parent of virtue. All its tendencies are to vice. The *idler* is a prey to every folly. None is so much exposed to temptation: None yields himself up with so little resistance. He is the sport of circumstances. He walks into the snare, because he is too lazy to go round it: He suffers the net to descend over him, rather than raise his finger to turn it aside. If any thing moves him, it is the love of dissolute pleasures, in the midst of which he luxuriates, and from whence, having once entered, he seldom has the virtuous energy to return.

FASHION is a powerful cause of intemperance. It is not limited to any particular class of the community or state of society, though most operative in cities and in the highest circles. Fashion is rooted in that principle of human nature, which makes 'man an imitative animal,' and involves that sentiment, which leads him to respect public opinion. But few persons, therefore, are raised *above* the influence of fashion, and those few, are none the better for their forced and unsocial elevation. It is one thing, however, to set fashion at *defiance*, another to become its *victim*. Fashion is, to a greater or less degree, the taste, and opinion of the world embodied; and is, therefore, always entitled, to atten-

tion, if not to respect. It is characteristic of good sense and sound principles to examine into the requirements of fashion; and conform to them, as far as they accord with nature, propriety and convenience. It is the vain and frivolous, only, that yield a blind submission. Good taste rejects all that is absurd or ridiculous: bad taste swallows the whole without examination. Fashion exerts the greatest dominion over young persons, and in youth, acts upon both sexes, in nearly the same degree. Education being equal, the weakest-minded are the greatest devotees of fashion; but in early life, it imparts delight to every grade of intellect, though in varying degress. Young persons are not aware of the delusions of fashion; and should be admonished, against yielding to its absurd demands. I do not know a harder master. It has no heart, no conscience, no stability. It governs without law, and sentences without a hearing. Its changes, like epidemic diseases, come and go, when we least expect them; and often with a social devastation, which might carry out the metaphor. No perspicuity can foresee its caprices, or prepare to meet them. The edicts of the morning are reversed, before the evening lamp of pleasure and dissipation is extinguished. That which it lauds to-day, it scorns to-morrow, and ridicules those who joined in the praise. Such is its character, and this character should be made known to our sons. They should be warned, never to deliver themselves into its power. If once reduced to servitude, they are on the road to ruin. If the fashion of the club or coterie to which they belong, says, *drink!* they cannot refuse; if fashion says, prefer ardent spirits to tea or coffee, or fermented liquors, they acknowledge the preference; if fashion says, pour into the fatal chalice, the sweets and spices, that honey over the poison, they comply; if fashion says, drink again, and again repeat the draught, raise your spirits, elevate your souls, excite your feelings, send abroad your fancy; become or believe yourself a genius, mount into the clouds, and look down with smiles and contempt, on the plodders that walk the valleys of the earth; you drink, you rise, and you fall headlong, to grovel in scorn and infamy, beneath the footsteps of those whom you despised. *Such* is the issue of a life of fashionable drinking.

Time was, when fashion governed our young men, on this point, in the spirit of a tyrant. It was held that drinking and riot were indications of talent, and a sentence of contempt,

rested upon those who declined to participate to excess. The spirit which presided over these convivial parties, pronounced all who held back, to be nothing more, than nature's downright common places—Drones and bigots.—Dunces if they would not drink to stupidity; smart fellows if they did. I can recollect when this test of genius was more relied on than at present. It reminds one of the ancient ordeal for witchcraft. If the young man would not drink freely, he was a fool—if he did, he made himself a brute:—verily a sad dilemma. I am happy to know, that nobler views of the character and destiny of youth, are beginning to prevail; and trust that our sons of genius will soon have invention enough to manifest their superior endowments, in some other mode, than scenes of dissipation and uproar.

SUNDAY DRINKING, is a fruitful source of Intemperance. He who appropriates the sabbath, to the society of taverns and coffee houses, is already vitiated in his moral taste, and must end his career a sot. He there dissipates a part of his fortune, or of the earnings of the week, and with it, go his habits of application, and his powers of self-denial. Better were it for such an one, that he should be altogether denied the privileges of a day of rest; for he might, then, escape this deep contamination. As a general fact, the people of the United States, are pre-eminent in their observance of the Sabbath; and long may they continue to merit this distinction. The nation, which dedicates a seventh part of its time, to retirement from the cares and contentions of business—which recurs at stated periods to a sense of its moral accountability—which devotes itself, on the Sabbath, to religious exercises, and the study of books of sound morality—which assembles at the end of every week, around the family fireside, and purifies the domestic relations, by imbuing them with appropriate moral sentiments, and moral feelings, is in the way of duty, which is the way of happiness. About such a people, there is an atmosphere of moral and social grandeur, which must repel a host of crimes and follies. Let me, then, exhort such of you as are parents, guardians, and masters, to look well to the conduct of your children and youth, on the Sabbath day. Let innocent amusements be invented—let attractive and suitable books be placed before them—let fathers remain at home, and instruct them in the first principles of religion, and the simple precepts of moral and social duty:—Above all, let SUNDAY SCHOOLS be en-



couraged, patronised and multiplied. Not merely as scenes of religious exercise, but as seminaries of literature, religion and morality united. If not sent to such schools, many poor children never learn to read; but grow up in ignorance, and before they attain to manhood, fall into all the vices, which beset the footsteps of those who spend the Sabbath in idleness, and in wanderings among the haunts of dissipation and profligacy. But it is not the poor, only, who may be benefited by Sabbath schools. To the children of the rich, through a certain age, they are scarcely less beneficial. They diversify the existence of the child, and reconcile him to the salutary restraints, of the day of rest and meditation. They connect his literature with religion and the principles of moral obligation;—they civilize and soften his heart. I know of no institution, which might be made to exert so much power, in the great work of moral elevation—of none, so worthy the attention of those, who would labour in the mighty enterprise of ennobling a whole nation! As a means of preventing intemperance, Sunday schools, deserve unlimited confidence. I am aware, that *children* do not often drink to excess; but when suffered to go at large on the Sabbath, they form those habits of vice and vicious companionship, which, as they grow older, too often lead directly and powerfully to dissipation and drunkenness.

Volumes would be necessary to delineate the calamitous effects of intemperance.

Ardent spirits are a poison. A fit of drunkenness, is a paroxysm of acute disease, which, arising from any other cause, would be regarded with dismay. Habitual drunkenness generates chronic maladies, which ultimately extend to all the organs of the body. It inflames the stomach, the liver, and the brain, which are finally disorganized. It poisons the whole nervous system; disorders the senses, and palsies the muscles. Thus the entire man is at length transformed, from a condition of health and vigour, to a state of loathsome disease; and the grave is at last the only purifier.

In the mind, the sad effects of intemperance are equally conspicuous. It impairs the powers of observation, weakens attention, renders the memory treacherous, excites the imagination, and subverts the understanding. Neither the observations nor

the judgments of such a one, are to be trusted; they may be correct, but are always liable to be false.

Even madness may be the offspring of the habitual use of ardent spirits, although deep intoxication may have been seldom perpetrated. Incessant irritation of the brain, at last perverts the reason, or sets up the spectres of fancy, for the realities of observation. The perceptions become disordered, and the individual is delivered over to strange and terrific phantasies. In this condition, he is successively the victim of every kind of delusion, and exerts himself on those about him, as he would upon strangers and enemies. His friends are transformed into foes, and the dearest objects of his former love, become the prey of vindictive and murderous designs. Unable to distinguish between right and wrong, and mistaking the creations of his own shattered intellect, for actual facts, he acts accordingly, and commits outrages the most shocking to humanity. In this melancholy condition, which bears but little resemblance to a fit of intoxication, and frequently occurs after a suspension of the practice of drinking, he is actually insane, and should no longer be held responsible for his actions. This view of the case has not, however, been generally taken, and hence the history of our jurisprudence furnishes examples of punishment, not compatible with the prevailing wisdom and mildness of our penal laws. Our criminal courts have confounded the insanity of drunkards with their fits of intoxication, from which it is distinct, and punished the offences of both states in the same manner. A more searching analysis would have prevented such an error. The mental alienation of habitual drinkers, is of that kind, which brings them under the judicial maxim, that *he who is insane shall not be punished*. The proper place for such a one is the hospital, instead of a prison; and the time *must* come, when he will find that destination. Our courts of justice are not at liberty to sit in judgment, on the remote *causes* of insanity, and discriminate among its varieties. The man who is *non compos mentis* from disease, however produced, is no longer an accountable being, and should be confined, but not punished.

Even the delirium of a fit of drunkenness, should be pleaded in mitigation instead of aggravation of punishment; for the individual often does that, when intoxicated, from which he would recoil with horror, in his sober moments, and this should be the

test. But drunkenness itself, not now recognised by the law as a crime, should be punished. It is an offence against the peace and dignity of society; against the wife and children, who may, by this practice, be reduced to beggary, and thrown upon the public charity for support. The drunkard himself may come to the same end; and, finally, subsist for years on the earnings of the industrious and temperate. Hence it is, that society acquires the same right to punish drunkenness, that it can claim to punish any other outrage. It inflicts legal penalties on no one who does it no injury. Blasphemy and irreligion, it leaves to a higher tribunal; while it punishes the slightest, and every aggression upon its interests and happiness. Drunkenness, in all its stages, is one of these, and should be met with appropriate penalties. The personal rights of those who practise it, should be restricted; their political consequence abridged; their children placed under guardians, and their property transferred to trustees. By the fear of these penalties, thousands would be deterred from becoming intemperate, while the friends and families of those who might still drink to excess, would be screened, in part, at least, from the calamities which, in the absence of all protecting legislation, never fail to overtake them.

The perverting effects of intemperance on the heart, are not less than on the head. It transfers equanimity into petulance; aggravates impatience into insensibility; engenders suspicion; blasts the domestic affections; and converts a good husband and father, into a capricious and cruel scourge. It generates a taste for dissolute society, with its diversified obscenities; vulgarizes the feelings; inflames every resentment; introduces the language of profanity; and ends by establishing habits of falsehood and treachery.

On our actions and pursuits, its influence is equally deleterious. It especially breeds an indifference to business, which at length rises to ruinous neglect. A total disregard of property not uncommonly ensues, and the earnings of former years are rapidly dissipated. Economy is replaced by prodigality, and the maxims by which property is acquired and preserved, are trampled under foot.

In this reckless condition, the attractions of the gaming table too often begin to exert their influence, and the victim of intemperance, thus acquires another impulse on the road to ruin.



Gaming, as we have seen, is a cause of drunkenness; but in large cities, it is equally a consequence of that habit. Nothing, indeed, is more common than to see the drunkard become a gambler, and at last fall a prey to their united consequences.

He who adds gambling to drunkenness, renounces all the interesting objects of life. He no longer goes abroad to gaze on the beauty and loveliness of nature, to traverse the fields and forests, inhale their fragrance, and invigorate his mind by the contemplation of their ceaseless variety. When the setting sun fires the whole heavens with beams of red and yellow light, which dazzle and delight the eye of taste, he is already in the den of thieves, and feasts his distempered sight on the colours of his cards. When the stars come forth in beauty, to illuminate the clear blue canopy, and elevate the lover of nature into feelings of poetry and devotion, he sits toiling, with inflamed and watery eyes, amidst smoking lamps, whose oil is exhausted before his guilty passion is satisfied. When the morning dawns, he staggers forth, but not to refresh himself in its balmy breezes, or enjoy the songs of animated nature, that float upon them; for he is insensible to the whole. Even the purple splendours which clothe the east in glory, fall unheeded in his *stupid* eyeballs. Still less does he watch the rising sun, and, with the great poet, exclaim:—

‘ Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven, first born!’

No! ah no! He delights to dwell in darkness! the light which cheered him once, cheers him no longer; it displays his shame; he skulks along narrow alleys, to avoid the companions of his virtuous days, and seeks his desolate home, to play the drunken despot, or prepare, by a few hours of disturbed and morbid slumber, for another night of debauch and knavery. Thus he sacrifices to his guilty pleasures, every elevated enjoyment arising from the view, or the study of nature, while he alienates his heart from all communion with nature’s God.

In the same degree he loses the gratifications which flow from the study of books. His mind is not enriched by the lessons of science: his language is not refined by works of literature: his feelings are never fired by the sublime and thrilling examples of history.

He is equally estranged from the rational gratification, im-

parted by the knowledge and practice of the useful arts. He is ignorant, or neglectful of every kind of professional skill, except that of his new and despicable calling; for the debaucheries of which, he foolishly barter away the dignity and happiness which flow so plenteously, from a participation in the useful pursuits of human life.

Still further, he loses the enjoyments of virtuous society, and accepts, for the companionship of the high-minded and faithful friends of his youth, the treacherous and drunken associates of the gaming table.

Thus it is, that whatever may be his winnings at play, and however his constitution may bear up under habitual stimulation, the victim of drink and cards inevitably relinquishes enjoyments, which a man of unperverted taste, and sound moral feeling, would never put at hazard, much less renounce for ever.

These negative losses, however, are of but little moment, compared with the positive desolations of heart and character, which his indulgences generate. Thus, it is well known, that the drunken gamester comes at length, to view the obligations of religion, and the attributes of the Deity, with indifference or disgust, and surrenders himself up to habits of unmitigated profanity.

Cunning and knavery are equally the offspring of his evil passion. No man plays with another, without having the conviction, that he is that other's equal. Whenever, therefore, he finds himself a loser, he naturally concludes, that his opponent is a cheat; and, forthwith resolves himself to cheat in his own defence. Thus all who lose, are tempted to defraud, and beginning as men of honour, though not of temperance, they terminate their career as knaves and swindlers.

Broils, assassinations and duels, are other fruits of this tree of death. Drinking arouses the angry passions, and losses generate resentments and revenge. Hence personal combats, as fierce, as those among wild beasts, suddenly spring up. The more sober and powerful grow violent, the drunken are overthrown, and the floor is drenched in blood: or, if revenge postpones its fatal blow, the parties at length meet, on what might be ironically called the field of honour, and society perhaps has the good fortune to be rid, at the same moment, of two of its monsters.

But this happy result,—happy for the surviving—dreadful indeed, for those who thus enter eternity, covered with unrepented

crimes,—does not often occur; and a more protracted catastrophe is in reserve for the martyr of vice. His business being suspended, both his fortune and his good name are at length destroyed. For a time he may supply his wants by an encouraging course of success; but this only serves to determine his fate, for it feeds his cupidity, and deepens the awful fascination, which binds him to his wicked pursuits. At length, his tutelary goddess capriciously withdraws her smiles, and bestows them on his opponent. But his prudence is now annihilated, his understanding impaired, his appetites perverted, his passions inflamed, his will subjugated to his dreadful propensities; and with his glass in one hand, and his cards in the other, he drinks and plays still deeper and deeper.

When the victim of drunkenness and gambling, is an insulated being, the ruin thus induced is less affecting. But it too often happens, that he is both husband and father; when having expended the proceeds of his days of business, and sold for the wages of iniquity, the venerated heritage of his fathers; having cheated his guilty companions, and, with lies and deceit, reduced his credulous friends to poverty, he comes at last, like a famishing beast, to fix his fangs on the hard, and, perhaps, scanty earnings of his wife and children. Regardless of the vows of wedded love, dead to the sobs and entreaties of the beautiful but faded form, that kneels before him, insensible to the fate or feelings of the innocent children, that cling to his knees, and in voices of love and obedience, beseech him to remain at home, he seizes, without remorse, the little fund designed to purchase bread for him and them, and prepares to escape to the scene of his vices. In vain do the tears of anguish fall upon his robber hand, or sighs and prayers ascend up to heaven; unmoved by the cries of love and horror, he is intent upon nothing but his booty, and looks not back, till he sees it lodged upon the fatal board. But his days are numbered. His race is run. The hand of death is upon him. A raging fever kindles up in his corrupt and cankered system, and ends his mad career: or phrensy seizes on his burning brain, and his own arm raises the poison bowl, or wields the dagger, that consigns him to the tomb, and leaves his family, the heritage of his disgrace.

YOUNG MEN! shut not your eyes to the hideous aspects of drunkenness here dimly shadowed out. Let them alarm you.



Walk not in paths which are beset by such spectres. Frequent only the abodes of temperance. I have not described, what has but occasionally befallen a young man, in the lowest walks of life. Not one of you, can say, can truly say, that *he* may not become the ridiculous, the humiliated, the scorned victim of drunkenness. Therefore, drink no ardent spirits. Make it the rule of your lives. If none of you drink, all will escape the drunkard's fate: *whoever* drinks, may sooner, or later be lost. I warn you affectionately in the midst of this respectable assembly,—within these holy walls I exhort you solemnly, to distrust your firmest resolves against drinking *too much*. *Rely only on the resolution that you will never drink*. He who never drinks, has little temptation to resist, and is safe: the habitual drinker must combat a desire, which every day becomes more importunate, and combat it successfully, or he perishes. The struggle is for victory or death: the habit—or the gay and animated form of opening manhood, must be destroyed. If you drink from fashion, how unspeakable your folly: if from desire, how appalling your danger! A young man, perhaps an only son, loaded with the honours of the first seminaries of his country, and about to ascend the theatre of that country's noblest operations—engaged in the daily ingurgitation of gin or whiskey! What a sorrowful spectacle! What a gross absurdity! Claiming the applause of the good and great, but trammelled in the habits of the degraded and sensual! Aspiring to fortune, influence and fame,—but yielding a voluntary submission to the tyranny of a vitiated appetite! In the proud consciousness of cultivated intellect, almost enrolling himself with the angels that never die,—but stooping to drink of that which sinks him below the brutes that perish and are no more!

FATHERS! permit one of your own number, to speak to you with freedom on this momentous subject. Look not with approbation, or indifference, on the first departure of your sons from the line of sobriety. Strive both by precept and example, to inspire them with a horror of intemperance. Wash your hands of their ruinous indulgences, by an earnest and affectionate protest. Keep your skirts unpolluted with their blood, by pointing out the destruction, which awaits their erring footsteps. You desire them to be good and great men, or at least, virtuous

respectable and happy men;—let your desires lead to active efforts;—urge them onward in the paths of temperance, and frown with paternal indignation upon every deviation. You give up your days to labour and anxiety, your nights to watchfulness and meditation, that you may earn a fortune, and establish a name;—before either is acquired, you find the sun of your existence declining, and you turn your departing eyes, upon those who are destined to inherit the products of your toil. Would you not wish them to be worthy of the heritage? Would it not embitter your last lingering hours, to know and feel that your estates would be speedily dissipated in hotels and gaming-houses? That your very name would become a by-word and a reproach? Yet such will be the issue of your protracted labours, your deep schemes of gain or ambition, your bright anticipations and your ravishing hopes, if the sons who are to succeed you, sink into habits of intemperance.

MOTHERS! *You* have a still deeper interest in this matter, for you suffer still heavier affliction, from the drunkenness of your sons. In what other way, short of committing robbery, or murder,—and drunkenness may lead to both,—could your happiness be so mortally wounded?

On whom but them, do you rely, when their fathers are mingled with the dust? But what reliance can be placed upon a son addicted to intemperance, with its disgusting consequences, idleness, extravagance, disobedience and treachery! Better for you, far better, would it be to stand alone on the earth, exposed like the last tree of the mountain, to every tempest, unallied, unnoticed, unpitied, and desolate, than to rest under the calamity inflicted by a drunken and reckless son, with no husband to interpose the protecting hand of conjugal love, or wield the rod of paternal authority.

FATHERS and MOTHERS! You have daughters, the *tender* pledges of your virtuous love. They are ‘lilies of the valley,’ whose unfolding beauties, you have beheld with a delight which no compass of language could express. In the feeble hours of infancy you have watched away the longest and dreariest nights over the cradle in which they lay scorched with fever, or writhing in convulsions. You have given them the first lessons of instruction,—conducted and guarded their tottering footsteps in the open air—defended them against every assault

of vice and violence—sought for them, the ablest teachers in all the branches of useful knowledge, and every accomplishment of mind and body. You have laboured to fashion their sentiments and manners after the best models of the age—you have led them with pride over the threshold of society, and perhaps resumed your suspended relations with its gayest circles to accompany them, to guard them from treachery, to guide them by your wisdom, and to drink deeply of a gratification, which, in the world's wide waste, flows not from a purer fountain. But to what end have you done all this, if your daughter must be exiled from your arms to the loathsome companionship of a sot? If she be doomed to leave the happy and cheerful paternal mansion, venerable by every early association, its books, its little decorations by the hand of domestic taste, its enlightened visitors, and its thrilling scenes of family affection, for the dreary and echoing walls of the drunkard's house, to wither in solitude, a transplanted and neglected flower!

PARENTS! as you value the happiness of your daughters, I call upon you to discourage the intemperance of young men. As the number increases, the chances of consigning the blooming objects of your love, to the society of drunkards, will likewise increase. Discourage intemperance, not only in your own sons, but in the sons of your friends and neighbours, who, in the order of nature, must become the husbands and companions, good or bad, of the daughters, whose destiny is to fix the character of your declining years. Do all that you can in this respect, and if fate should, at last, return upon you a broken-hearted daughter, to die in the chamber which gave her birth, the consciousness of having performed your duty, will at least console you under this, the last dreadful calamity which can fall upon old age.

To all who can realize the horrible consequences of intemperance, it must be astonishing, that there are men and men of some influence too, who discourage by sneers or more decorous means, the efforts of the present age to repress drinking and drunkenness. I cannot but regret, that any should be so misguided, or so lukewarm in a cause of such great magnitude. He who has the smallest influence on others, should feel his responsibility. No expression of his opinions can be without some effect. He is the repository, however limited, of a moral power;



and, should be held accountable to society for the manner in which he exerts it. Public sentiment should arraign him for every abuse, and mete out its indignation according to the measure of his transgressions. Can any man deny, that intemperance is a vice? that it is a vice which brings ruin on the individual, and wretchedness on those dependent on him?

How then can any man justify himself for dropping even a solitary drop of cold water, on the genial fires of benevolence, which glow in the bosoms of those who devote their days and nights to the suppression of drunkenness? Should they not rather sustain the flame, and labour to render it perpetual? What would be said of a man, who might rail against efforts to limit the number of thefts and murders which disgrace the land? He would at least be denounced as a fool or a misanthrope! What is said of him who looks with displeasure on the laws against gambling? that he, himself, is a secret, though not a sleeping partner, in the midnight abominations of the gaming table! Why then should society tolerate those who array themselves against exertions to suppress intemperance; a vice, the effects of which, are but feebly embodied by gambling, robbery and murder? Either the head or the heart of such a one, must be wrong. If a *good* man, he is a *weak* man; if strong in intellect, he is perverted in moral feeling. But, perhaps he may be perverted in his bodily feelings. Aye, he may himself, possibly, be inclined to the very habit, he thus indirectly encourages. He may, at least, be suspected, and should be listened to with caution.

Every age brings forth its carpers; every scheme of philanthropy or patriotism rears up its own blind or interested opponents. They would retard that in which they do not participate, not because it is bad, but because it is good, and they are too indolent, or too selfish, to lend a helping hand. They are however, but drift upon the mighty current of benevolence, which they may agitate, but can never arrest.

The *great* men of the land should look to *their* example. Those who fill high offices—the distinguished of the learned professions—the aristocracy of wealth—the men of our chief cities—the community of self-styled gentlemen—the *magi* who wield the wand of fashion, at whose movements we see manners and customs rise and fall, as if by enchantment: these are they, who govern the destinies of the multitude—who wield ‘a power

greater, than that of the throne.' From their lips, proceed precepts, which all beneath them adopt as rules of conduct: by *their* example, will the actions of the nation be regulated. These are the men, among whom reformation should commence! where sobriety, and self-denial, and purity of manners, like purity and propriety of language, should be cherished and perpetuated. *Their* precepts should fall upon the millions below them, *pure* as the 'fleeces of descending snow!' *They* should stand forth as bright examples of temperance and virtue;—as burning and shining lights in the firmament of society, to guide the benighted footsteps of those who have no light in themselves. When the wealth and knowledge of a people, lend themselves to the practice or countenance of vice, a moral overthrow is at hand. Another Phaeton has ascended the chariot of the sun, and great social desolation may be expected. While the men of wealth and the men of letters, preserve the integrity of *their* manners, the national dignity is safe, and the virtue of the people uncontaminated. The stream which is pure and unpolluted in its fountains, can never afterwards be poisoned in its depths. Again, I say, let those who wield the sceptre of moral and social power, look well to themselves—they are models for imitation—their footsteps are trodden over, by long trains of followers;—their conversations rehearsed,—their maxims of life spread abroad upon the breath of the people. They live not for themselves only, as their lives modify, if they do not mould the destiny of the countless numbers, less favoured than themselves:—If their example is bad, they inflict upon the age to which they belong a curse which descends to the third and fourth generations; if good; they exalt the nation, and perpetuate its happiness.

Nations, like individuals, have had their rise and fall. But why should they? The individual man has his day of bodily perfection; then declines and descends to the tomb. Such is the law of his being. Human wisdom may prolong, but cannot perpetuate his existence. But nations are not under such a trial; and *still* they rise and fall. To assign all the causes of these vicissitudes, would require the analysis of their whole history. It may, however, be averred, in general terms, that they rise by their virtues, and sink by their vices and follies. Without wisdom and virtue, no nation ever rose; *with* them no nation would ever sink. Every vice is an element of national decay. Multiply



vices, and at a greater rate you augment the tendency to decline. They are all so many modes of diseased action, in the great social body, which may still remain sound in parts, but the hand of moral death is upon it. Its perpetual verdure begins to fade; its fruits fall, unripe and bitter, from the boughs; limb after limb is blighted, and tumbles to the ground;—the trunk itself ceases to grow, becomes hollow at the heart, but it lives on, a perishing, though never-dying victim of disease and desolation!

Such has been the growth and decline of nations; and such it will be, until they learn wisdom, and walk no more in the paths of folly. Let no one presume to treat this subject with scorn or levity. I would ask such a one, if such there be, to say whether national degradation and downfall would not come, from multiplying to a great extent, any single class of vicious men? The number of those who sacrifice every thing to the pleasures of a luxurious table, or the hazards of the gaming table;—of those who labour to repress the spread of intelligence and religion;—of those who employ unhallowed means to encompass wealth, or attain political power;—of those who encourage or indulge in idleness;—of those who drink themselves into sots and dumb brutes! what, I would again inquire, would befall the nation, in which either of these vices might become universal? Why; it would sink! Though raised so high in the moral firmament, as to attract the gaze, and guide the footsteps of the whole earth, it would fall, and fall to rise no more!

What, then, are the duties of patriotism? the dictates of beneficence? the requirements of religion? the demands of self-interest properly understood?—To oppose wisdom to folly, and virtue to vice: To explore the fountains of crime, and dry them up: To throw across the pathway of every vice, a solid column of virtuous men, who should say at the beginning of its career, ‘thus far shalt thou go and no farther:’ To look, like prudent physicians, to the forming stage of the moral disease, and arrest its developement: To single out the infected, and brand them with a mark, or exclude them from society, that the sound may not be corrupted by their contact! By doing this we shall rest the destinies of our young and beloved country on its morals cemented by wisdom. Such a foundation will be imperishable. On it we should raise the pyramid of our liberties. Let us inscribe on its walls, the motto—



**TEMPERANCE!—INDUSTRY!—INTELLIGENCE!—RELIGION!**

It will then defy the revolutions which have prostrated those of other lands, and endure from generation to generation; a proud monument of that national grandeur, which passeth not away like a dream, but shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day!

